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Allegiances

~ And here we have the allegiances, brought to you by your savior and overlord, Duskie. ~

~ This shall be updated as new cats come into play ~

$ SuperClan $

Leader:

Superstar ~ A bright yellow tom with cobalt eyes and the power to fly

Deputy:

Oaktail ~ An oak-colored tom with hazel eyes and the ability to cause earthquakes

(Apprentices: Hotpaw)

Medicine Cat:

Herbfeather ~ A red-furred she-cat with bright green eyes and the ability to heal any wound

Warriors:

Squirrelstripe ~ A brown tom with darker brown stripes, brown eyes, and the power of LLLAASSSEEEERRR-eyes

Streamflower ~ A gray-blue she-cat with light green eyes and the power of invisibility

(Apprentice: Goldpaw)

Frostwing ~ A pure white tom with icy blue eyes and the ability to hear far beyond what a normal cat can

Solarlight ~ A yellow tabby tom with amber eyes and the ability to create beams of energy

Emberstream ~ An orange tabby she-cat with bright blue eyes and the ability to create blue fire

(Apprentice: Mintpaw)

Silversoar ~ A silver tom with white paws, green eyes, and a pair of feathered wings

Aspenblade ~ A white and brown she-cat with leaf green eyes and the power to control plants

Quickfoot ~ A light gray, black-striped tom with dark amber eyes and the power of super speed

(*Apprentice: Fastpaw)*

Troutstream ~ A gray-and-white tabby who can turn into a half-fish, half-cat hybrid

(*Apprentice: Plumpaw)*

Apprentices:

Hotpaw ~ A pale ginger tom with green eyes with the power to turn into a half-cat, half-dragon hybrid

Goldpaw ~ A golden she-cat with green and the power of creating sandstorms

Fastpaw ~ A light-grey tom with amber eyes and the power of super speed

Mintpaw ~ A small she-cat with no definite pelt color and the ability to change colors

Plumpaw ~ A brown tabby she-cat with green eyes and the ability to walk on water

Rogues:

Milk ~ A cream and white she-cat with green eyes and the power to conjure milk

Hippie ~ A shaggy orange tom with constantly red eyes. No powers- just high af

Prologue

A/N: Hello, lovely readers! It's Crazystar starting off this book. This story is about a Clan where every cat in it has superpowers. Enjoy!

The hunting patrol quietly padded through the forest, glancing around for prey. There was a rustle in the nearby bushes, and Squirrelstripe spotted a mouse nibbling on a seed. He focused his gaze on the mouse, and a red beam of light shot out of his eyes. The mouse's head was blown off, and Squirrelstripe walked over to collect the prey.

A silver she-cat materialized in front of Squirrelstripe, startling him. "Streamflower!" he protested to his sister. "You scared me!"

Streamflower chuckled. "It was funny. The best part of the whole invisibility power is that it's easy to sneak up on cats."

Superstar floated down from the sky, a trail of rainbows close behind him. "GET BACK TO WORK!" he roared.

"No," Streamflower said, vanishing into thin air.

Superstar narrowed his eyes in disgust and flew back up into the air. "Invisible cats these days."

Quickpaw appeared in a flash of blue light in front of Squirrelstripe. "Squirrelstripe, I cleaned all of the dens five times, checked to make sure all nearby rogues were not up to anything, and inspected all of the borders."

"Nice job, my apprentice. You can go back to camp and get some rest," Squirrelstripe said.

Quickpaw ran back to camp in half of a second with his super speed.

Back in the SuperClan medicine cat den, Frostwing was brought in by the SuperClan deputy, Oaktail. The tom was laid on the ground, with a bone in his left foreleg protruding from his skin. "What's wrong?" Herbfeather, the SuperClan medicine cat, asked.

"Can't you see?!" hissed Oaktail. "His leg is broken, he fell out of a tree."

"How unfortunate for him," Herbfeather murmured.

Oaktail narrowed his amber eyes. "Aren't you going to do anything?"

Herbfeather tilted her head to the side as if considering it. "We'll see. I'm awfully tired."

Infuriated by the medicine cat's laziness, Oaktail stomped a paw against the dirt and the ground began to tremble.

With a sigh, Herbfeather walked over to Frostwing. "Okay, okay, fine, just stop the whole earth-shaking thing."

The earthquake ceased.

Herbfeather closed her eyes in concentration. The segment of the broken bone receded to a normal position, and the skin resealed itself. Frostwing nodded to the medicine cat and walked out of the den. Oaktail followed.

Herbfeather laid down in her nest and closed her eyes. She drifted off the sleep. In her dream, the glorious fields of StarClan appeared before her.

A sparkling white she-cat padded up to her. "Herbfeather. Trouble is coming to SuperClan."

"What do you mean?" Herbfeather demanded.

"There is a prophecy. It says, *The claws of metal shall uproot the forest,*" the she-cat responded.

The frosty she-cat began to fade. Herbfeather awoke in her nest.

"What could that prophecy possibly mean?" she asked herself.

Chapter 1

"Hotkit! COME ON!" A small golden colored kit screamed. "We're about to come apprentices and learn what our powers are!."

Hotkit stared at his red-orange pelt. "I'm guessing mine have something to do fire."

"Who cares just come on!" His sister hissed.

"I'm coming I'm coming!" Hotkit told his and followed her out just as rainbowness exploded all over the High-rock and Superstar appeared.

"Blah blah just get your fat and lazy butts out here." Meowed the royal leader of awesomeness.

everyone came out of they're dens and looked up at the most amazing cat of all time.

"Two new apprentices blah blah, Hotpaw - Oaktail and Goldpaw - Streamflower, release your inner powers."

Oaktail stared up in dismay. "But I already have an apprentice!" his half-fish apprentice Troutpaw leapt from the stream that surrounded the camp to stand beside his mentor.

Superstar glared at them. "Too bad!" Turning back to the apprentices he let out a fake purr. "Release your new powers peasants."

Goldpaw's eyes flashed with joy and she focused hard. Dust started to stir up around the cats and soon a huge dust cloud sand storm think floating in the air, rotating at a magnificent speed. Then it dropped and disappeared right before hitting the Clan and they looked around. "Where did Goldpaw go?" They murmured.

A small pile of dust then started floating and took the form of a cat.

A lot of other things happened and then Goldpaw was standing there.

Now everyone turned to Hotpaw.

He focused.

Nothing.

Everyone started laughing.

THAT MADE HIM VERY MAD.

He opened his mouth to snarl at his Clanmates but instead fire spewed out everywhere. Everyone's eyes were wide will fear and Hotpaw looked at his back to see two large scaly wings that had sprouted from beneath his fur. Then he calmed down and he was normal again.

But a noise made everyone turn and EvilClan burst into camp. "OH NO!" Superstar yelled. "HOW DID YOU EVER MAKE IT PAST THE 213456543245 FEET OF 23453 FEET DEEP LAVA AND THE 2345676543 MILE WIDE AND 23456543 FEET DEEP OCEAN AND THE 345-"

He was interrupted by Shadowstar who grinned evilly. "The same way you guys do, I used the door."

This made Hotpaw SUPER mad again and he turned into his half-dragon self. "ROAR" He growled. With that, all the cats ran away but one and his name was... HARDCLAW, he was holding up his large claws that were as strong as metal. Then Goldpaw blew him away with a sand storm.

The littermates high-fived and Oaktail nodded in approval. Superstar sniffed. "Well... It was okay but never as good as me! Chow!" And with that, he disappeared into his den leaving a trail of rainbow farts.

Did you enjoy? Did ya did ya? Well if you did then this can only have been written by Le Moon, (which it was :P) so CHEER! WOOP! -DaMoony

Chapter 2

Rio's gonna hate me for these indents. BUT ITS GRAMMATICALLY CORRECT SO GET OVER IT! By the way this was written by Feather.

Goldpaw was hunting near the pool of lava in SuperClan territory. She spotted a squirrel, but was too lazy to actually stalk it and attempt to properly catch the prey. Concentrating hard, she created a sandstorm that blew the squirrel towards her. The golden apprentice killed it with a swipe of her paw.

Picking up the squirrel, she walked over to Streamflower who was basking in the sun. "I caught a squirrel!" Goldpaw squealed excitedly, dropping the fresh-kill at her mentor's paws.

"Nice job. Now we should-"

Streamflower was cut off my the leader of an EvilClan battle patrol, named Darksoul. He was an extremely cliché jet black tom with flaming red eyes, even though cats can't have red eyes. "Streamflower! I challenge you and your pathetic apprentice to a battle!"

Streamflower narrowed her light green eyes, smirking in determination. "Bring it on."

At that instant, Oaktail and his apprentices Troutpaw and Hotpaw showed up for the convenience of the plot. The brown tom saw what was going on and hissed at Darksoul and his followers, signaling for the SuperClan cats to attack.

Streamflower became invisible, her blueish gray pelt melting into nothingness. She jumped on many different unsuspecting EvilClan cats while Hotpaw morphed into a dragon-cat hybrid, spitting fire at the enemies. Goldpaw blinded them all with a sandstorm while Troutpaw drowned two cats in a nearby stream. To finish the cats off, Oaktail created an earthquake that split the ground, and

Darksoul and his cats fell into the massive pit to their death.

"Well that was easy." Oaktail mewed nonchalantly, licking a paw. "Is anyone hurt?"

Troutpaw turned over her paw, revealing a thorn embedded in her pad. "I stepped on this when I was drowning those two EvilClan cats."

Streamflower became visible again. "Alright, let's get you to Herbfeather."

They padded easily past the shark infested ocean and pool of lava, heading into the camp. Goldpaw spotted the medicine cat carrying herbs to her den, even though they were useless because of her ability to heal on contact. "Herbfeather! Troutpaw has a thorn in her paw!"

Herbfeather dropped the bundle of leaves, kicking them to the side. She slowly approached Troutpaw and the others, inspecting the slightly swollen pad. She then took her paw and placed it on top of the apprentice's. In an instant the thorn was flung onto the ground, and the wound closed swiftly.

"There you go." Herbfeather mewed.

"Cool! Thanks!" Troutpaw exclaimed, walking away. Goldpaw followed, excited to see what adventures in her majestically powerful Clan were yet to come.

[It's amazing <3 ~Moon]

[Why thank ya :3 ~ Feather]

Chapter 3

Troutpaw trotted to the stream. She felt hungry, so she concentrated hard and morphed into a cat-fish. She dove into the water headfirst, easily breathing through gills that formed on the sides of her face. Spotting a fish swimming by, she lashed out with an unsheathed claw and brought it down easily.

Spitting out the bloodied water that flowed around her, the she-cat swam back up to the surface, proudly holding her kill in her jaws. She caught sight of Hotpaw who was sitting next to Oaktail by the stream.

"I caught this." She told her mentor, puffing her chest out proudly. "Now what? Training? More hunting?"

"How about an invasion of EvilClan for no good reason?" The deputy suggested nonchalantly.

Hotpaw grinned. "Ohh, I love to kill cats with my majestic super power for no good reason. It brings me much joy."

"Will we go in with just the three of us, or should we gather a battle patrol?" Troutpaw asked, excitement bubbling in her chest.

As if on cue, Goldpaw and her mentor Streamflower appeared from behind the stream. "What are you all up to?" Streamflower asked with a very casual hint in her voice.

"Not much," Oaktail replied," we were just about to go into EvilClan to kill them all. Care to join?"

"Wait!" Goldpaw interrupted. "Shouldn't we leave just *one* cat alive so they can reproduce little evil kits and give us something to fight later in the book when there's no plot left at all?"

Oaktail nodded. "Good idea!" He bounded across the border that suddenly teleported right near them and headed into the territory

consisting of smelly swamps and rotting trees. Misquotes were buzzing everywhere and many dead, infected prey carcasses laid on the sticky ground.

"Quite the typical and cliché place for the evil group of cats to live." Hotpaw commented randomly.

"Agreed." His sister replied. Troutpaw could visibly see the anticipation on her face.

In a matter of minutes, the patrol reached the camp, and prepared to strike. Troutpaw looked around for a body of water to drown cats in. All she saw was a small pool of murky brown water. *Yuck! I don't even want to know what that brown stuff is. Unfortunately it'll have to do.* She thought bitterly.

Oaktail lowered himself on the ground, about to make a massive leap into the camp full of dark colored cats. With a thundering battle cry, he hurtled himself into the clearing and the battle begun.

TO BE CONTINUED

Feather writing. Apologies on the shortness of this chapter, Wattpad kept crashing and deleting all my work. I'm also sorry that this is late, I tried to publish this last night but it kept saying "error" so I just gave up. As you can see my phone is defective.

Chapter 4

Pray for the fourth wall, guys. Pray for it. ~Rio

Oaktail hurtled himself into the clearing with an ear-splitting yowl. He landed on top of Magnetface, who was basically the most useless warrior in the entirety of EvilClan, mainly because most cats don't exactly have metal in their bodies.

"Die!" shouted the dark brown tom, closing his eyes for a brief second. The ground beneath them started to rumble, and the earth shifted beneath Magnetface's paws. The villainous tom let out a quiet squeal as a particularly large bump threw him into the air.

Oaktail darted underneath him, holding his paws up with claws extended.

Meanwhile, Streamflower had turned invisible and was currently attacking a powerful dark gray tom. She darted in, claws nicking his back paw. The tom, named Stormface, focused his eyes on the sky. A dark cloud suddenly rolled over the battle scene, blocking all light. Now operating in pitch black, the warriors of SuperClan froze for a moment.

Then Hotpaw spat out a ball of fire, Flamingpelt exploded into a ball of fire, and Squirrelstripe used his laser vision to light a pile of leaves (and Magnetface, who began melting) on fire, which all coincidentally turned into a ball of fire.

With a light source, Streamflower now leaped on top of Stormface, grasping his scruff between her teeth. She gave the killing bite, and he collapsed, dead.

"Stop fighting!"

Two words made about twenty cats stop. Simultaneously, they all turned toward the sky, where a vibrant, somewhat neon yellow tom

was hovering in the air, looking very majestic. "Why did you start the fight without me?"

"Sorry," Oaktail muttered, dropping his head in shame.

Superstar let a laugh escape his muzzle. "JK! Let me join in." With a collective yowl of epic-ness and totally not evil-ness, the SuperClan cats leaped back into battle.

Quickpaw darted behind a ginger she-cat; she spun around in a futile attempt to defend herself. The gray-and-black tom laughed before sprinting to the other side and jumping onto her back. With super-sped claws, he shredded through her fur before reaching bone.

"Sorry," he giggled. "I didn't take it slow enough!"

Goldpaw gave him a strange look as she conjured a sandstorm, jumping from paw to paw. "What?"

Quickpaw rolled his eyes and gestured at the not-so-creepy audience reading the words on their screens. "I killed her too fast for them to understand!"

Goldpaw scoffed. "They're not *five.* They are supposed to be thirteen to be on Wattpad!"

"Who follows that rule?" Quickpaw protested, but he was swept back into battle before he could continue.

Goldpaw trudged through her mini-sandstorm, having lost her opponent.

"Get away from me," Sandstorm muttered. "Why do you always summon me in the middle of training *and* when you're showing off? But now you're summoning me in battle!"

"I've told you a thousand times, Sandstorm," Goldpaw sighed. "I summon storms of sands, not Sandstorm. Whoever controls these superpowers is dumb and doesn't understand anything."

"Hey!" Rio piped up. "I'm *trying* to kill the fourth wall as much as

possible during this chapter.

Goldpaw rolled her eyes, making a "get out" motion at both Sandstorm and the annoying admin. Rio frowned and went back to typing. The StarClan warrior faded away, glad to be *finally* left alone. Goldpaw went back to trudging through her sandstorm, not her Sandstorm.

Superstar laughed manically as he darted down from the sky, claws extended, and briefly murdered a small warrior. Frostwing detected the pawsteps of a shadowed tom and turned around quickly, launching himself and dispatching the warrior. Troutpaw slithered into a puddle, head sticking out as half-fish; the apprentice quickly murdered a EvilClan warrior without any thought.

After a lot more blood, there was one EvilClan queen, her stomach heavy with kits, standing in the center of the clearing. She was trembling and glaring at all SuperClan warriors with a dark anger in her eyes.

"You killed my mother, who was a frail elder. You killed my mate and my father and my littermates!" the queen shouted. "And you all have the nerve to call *us* EvilClan?"

"We are the most powerful, therefore we make the rules," mused Superstar. "Now, let's kill you and end this stupid war!"

"We've never even attacked you!" the queen muttered loudly.

"Well, I make all the rules!" the leader spoke again, rolling his eyes. "Get h—"

Goldpaw interrupted the leader. "We must leave *one* EvilClan cat so that we can fight them later, after all the plot is gone?"

Superstar sighed. "*Fiiiine.* But I dib killing her when we cross that bridge."

Chapter 5

'ello there. Another chapter by Duskie. Go be excited or something.

"Hotpaw, come *on*, it won't be *that* bad," Goldpaw insisted as she dragged her brother towards the medicine cat den.

Hotpaw mumbled something under his breath.

"What's that, Hotpaw? I didn't quite catch that."

"I don't want to do this."

"Aw, come on, it'll be okay."

"But-"

"Why are you here?" Hotpaw was interrupted by Herbfeather, who'd poked her head out of her den at the sound of voices.

"I think that Hotpaw needs some healing," Goldpaw replied, pushing her brother forwards.

"I do *not*," he said angrily, and dragon scales seemed to surface for a moment on his pelt before they disappeared as soon as they'd come.

"Oh, calm *down*, Hotpaw. You get angry so easily." Goldpaw turned to Herbfeather. "That's why we've come. I was wondering if you could heal his brain and take the anger away."

"Are you doubting my medicinal skills, apprentice?" Herbfeather asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Of course not, Herbfeather! I just want you to help my poor brother. It's saddening for me to see him like this every day...every

moment...it's just...I can't take it any longer!"

"Really, Goldpaw, you make it sound as if I'm paralyzed."

"Shut up, Hotpaw. Let me deal with this."

"You still haven't told me why you're here," Herbfeather stated.

"I'd like you to try to heal him. Heal his brain, Herbfeather!"

"Eh...do I really gotta?"

"Yes, you really gotta!"

"Like *really* really?"

"Yes, like *really* really! My brother needs help!"

"I do not-"

"Shut up, Hotpaw!"

"But no, like seriously, do I have to help you?"

"Herbfeather, you've absolutely got to!"

"Fine." Herbfeather sat up and stared at Hotpaw. Goldpaw also stared at Hotpaw. Hotpaw stared back at the two.

"Why are you both staring at me?"

"Shut up! She's working!"

Herbfeather shut her eyes and squeezed them hard. Goldpaw watched on, apprehension and tension building up in her chest. Herbfeather kept squeezing, and Goldpaw continued watching, and she squeezed, and she watched, and she squeezed -

"Get on with it, author!" Goldpaw screeched.

The Fourth Wall looked wearily towards the sunset. "I...I'm going to vote for Donald Trump. He'll help me more than Obamacare."

"Shut your trap, Fourth Wall," Duskie said, shooting a ferocious glare towards it. "Back to the story!"

Suddenly, everything in the story lit up with a brilliant flash like in the movies and for a few seconds, nobody could see anything but bright white. As soon as it had come, the flash [not The Flash] faded away, and Herbfeather and Goldpaw were looking upon Hotpaw, who, well, pretty much looked the same as always.

Until he opened his mouth.

"Hi!" he exclaimed, smiling happily.

"I-uh-hi?" Goldpaw responded awkwardly.

"Isn't it a great day?" he asked, the smile not slipping off of his face.

Goldpaw turned to Herbfeather. "That's it! You've done it! You've healed him! I'll always be grateful, Herbfeather!" She gave the medicine cat a brilliant smile, and skipped off with Hotpaw.

Chapter 6

[image]

Double Duskie - awesome alliteration.

"We have been faced with a grave crisis."

Four cats sat in a dramatic circle in the leader's den, their faces drawn and worrisome.

Well, actually, only three of them had worried expressions. The third one didn't really look like he cared about what was going on.

"Stop being a drama queen and get on with it, Oaktail," Superstar said as he casually caught and shredded a small moth with his claws.

Oaktail looked irritated. "Come on, Superstar. Every important decision needs to be dramatic."

"Whatever."

The brown-furred deputy sighed. "Anyways. The crisis. An extremely large group of rogues have come to the Clans." Shadows played in the darkened den as he continued speaking. "They say that rogues are fierce. Are strong. Have powers beyond our greatest knowledge." Oaktail to his feet and began to slowly pad around the group forebodingly. "They've come to our land of America - where we've moved to because of Brexit - from a place far far away...a place called..." Oaktail's voice rose to a high screech. "CANADA!"

Squirrelstripe looked at Frostwing. "Never heard of it. You?"

"Nope."

"Yeah, well, it's up north somewhere," Oaktail said, shrugging.

"So, why do I need to care about this again?" Superstar asked. He narrowed his eyes. "I have more important things to do than this."

"You really don't."

"I do too! I need to go and-and-well-don't question me!"

Oaktail sniggered. "Sure, sure, Superstar." His tone grew somber once more. "Anyways, we have reason to fear these rogues because they have decided to make a new Clan. It is called...EHCLAN!"

"Eh?" Squirrelstripe asked at the same time as Frostwing.

"EhClan."

"Ah."

"Oh."

Oaktail continued. "And so, EhClan is the new EvilClan. And EhClan...they wish to murder us all!"

Superstar snarked a laugh. "Like that'll happen."

"But Superstar, they're so power-"

"Pssh. They'll never best SuperClan. After all, it's named after me."

"Superstar, the Clan has been here longer than you-"

"Shut up, Oaktail. This meeting is useless. I'm leaving." Superstar got to his feet and made as if he was leaving, but then realized something and stopped. "Wait. This is my den. *You* should be leaving. Get out of my den."

Squirrelstripe gave a weary sigh and walked out. Frostwing followed shortly afterwards.

"But Superstar-"

"Oaktail. Out."

The deputy sighed in defeat and padded out. "At least I can say I tried."

Three days later.

"SUPERSTAR!" Goldpaw screeched as she ran into camp.

"Oh yeah, that new song by Pegboard Nerds? I loved it!" Hotpaw said, coming up to her and smiling. "It really was great. I mean, I'm usually not a dubstep fan, but this was just great, so-"

"No, you fool!" Goldpaw screeched. "I'm yelling for our leader, Superstar!"

"Oh. Right. Forgot that was his name."

Superstar padded out of his den irritably. "What is it?"

"EhClan has come, Superstar! And they've taken Streamflower!"

"Streamflower, eh? I don't like her. Never actually listens to me."

"That doesn't mean you can let her die in the EhClan camp!"

"Actually, it does."

"No it doesn't - oh. Wait. It really does. BUT STILL! She's my *mentor*. Please don't let her die!" Goldpaw pleaded.

"Eh, well..."

Quickpaw zoomed into camp. "Superstar! Squirrelstripe was taken by EhClan exactly 0.42 seconds ago!"

Superstar sighed. "Two warriors taken. I suppose that means we've got to go pay EhClan a visit." He flew over to the Great Rock and lighted down on it. He took a deep breath and bellowed, "SUPERCLAN ASSEMBLE!"

The cats of SuperClan immediately organized themselves into a neat-rowed army and stood at attention.

"BEGIN MARCHING TO THE EHCLAN CAMP!"

They turned together like one large machine and began to march.

Superstar flew ahead, trying out victorious smiles for later when they would win. He settled on a smirk and muttered something to himself before picking up the speed.

"SuperClan always wins."

Chapter 7

Superstar flew into the EhClan camp. "GIVE US BACK OUR CATS!"

Snowstar, the leader of the new Clan, looked up boredly as they entered. "We didn't abduct them, we invited them here for a friendly meeting."

"GO BACK TO THIS CANADA WHERE YOU COME FROM, EHCLAN!" bellowed Superstar.

Snowstar laughed. "First of all, we're from Alaska, not Canada, and it's CoolClan, not EhClan. Get your facts straight."

The trail of rainbows behind Superstar glowed brighter. "ALASKA AND CANADA ARE THE SAME THING. YOU DON'T BELONG HERE!"

"No, they're not, they're not the same at all," Snowstar said. "And it is unwise for you to make us your enemies."

"We are SuperClan!" roared Superstar. "Nobody can defeat us."

"Yeah!" Oaktail agreed. "We are invincible and immortal! We are the most powerful cats to ever live!"

Wolfclaw, the CoolClan deputy, walked up casually to stand beside his leader. "I dare you guys to send someone to challenge me."

Goldpaw padded forward. "I am a mere apprentice, but I know that I can defeat you!"

"Go ahead and try!" Wolfclaw said, chuckling.

Goldpaw summoned a sandstorm and launched it at Wolfclaw. As it traveled towards him, it collected sharp rocks and other debris. The pointed edge of one of the rocks impaled itself in Wolfclaw's chest, and the brown-and-white tom collapsed to the ground.

"Ha!" Goldpaw said, turning around with a smug look on her face as the SuperClan cats cheered. "Weakling tom!"

Nobody in SuperClan noticed as the wound in Wolfclaw's chest shrunk and sealed itself. Wolfclaw's eyes reopened, brimming with fury. Metal claws slid out of his paws and he leapt at Goldpaw. He stabbed his claws through the apprentice's heart and then stepped backwards, allowing the metal to retract back underneath his skin. The cats of SuperClan gasped in shock, and Wolfclaw laughed merrily.

"I suggest that you leave our camp, and never bother us again!" Snowstar declared. "This is enough death and bloodshed for one day, but we can defeat any of you any time you dare to anger us!"

Superstar glared at the CoolClan leader and gestured for his cats to leave the camp. "This is not over! You will pay for this!"

Snowstar chuckled. "I doubt that."

***

The SuperClan cats returned to their camp, wondering how Goldpaw could've possibly been defeated! After all, they were the mightiest Clan ever to exist, and they had amazing strength and powers!

Frostwing somberly carried Goldpaw's body back to camp. The apprentice would be grieved by the whole Clan. He laid her body in the center of the camp so that cats could sit vigil for her.

"Ooh, someone died!" Herbfeather exclaimed. "How cool!"

"That's not cool or interesting or funny or whatever you think it is!" Oaktail spat. "Can you help her?"

Herbfeather waved her tail dismissively. "Nah, I'm too busy sorting herbs, no can do."

The ground began to tremble and cracks began to appear in the earth.

"No, really, I can't!" Herbfeather insisted. "I can heal cats but I can't bring back the dead."

The rumbling ceased. "Your power is so lame then," Oaktail growled, storming away.

Superstar floated into his den, eyes narrowed in concentration. He would devise a plan to slaughter ALL of CoolClan, starting with Wolfclaw!

A/N: It's the marvelous Crazystar here writing this chapter! Hope you guys enjoyed! :)

Chapter 8

"I suppose you're wondering why I've gathered you all here," Superstar began ominously, scanning the small crowd of cats who had assembled before him.

After far too long of a silence, Oaktail sighed loudly. "Why, Superstar. Why have you gathered us all here."

"Because this is a meeting you idiot, that's why," Superstar retaliated snidely, and Oaktail growled in irritation. "Anyway, it has come to my attention that we seem to be at a deficit for fighty-fight cats, so I had to come up with a plan. Everyone meet our new warriors - Solarlight, Emberstream, Silversoar, and Aspenblade."

"What?" Oaktail asked, looking over at where four cats seemed to have randomly appeared. "Where did they come from?"

"They've always been here," Superstar shrugged, which was completely possible for a cat to do. Shut up.

"No they haven't-" Oaktail objected, but Hotpaw had already rushed past him to greet the new cats. "No but really where did they come from this is distressing-"

"So, why don't you four tell us a bit about yourselves before we begin preparing to vanquish our enemies?" Superstar asked in a polite tone, curling his tail around his paws.

Emberstream began to speak, then Solarlight suddenly cut her off. "I'm a supercharged solar panel don't even talk to me."

The SuperClan cats clapped awkwardly at his statement, and

Emberstream opened her mouth, only to be interrupted a second time. "Hi," Silversoar purred, ducking his head shyly, "I have the power to fly, it's really nice. Aspenblade is nice too but she doesn't love me back, so that's... I'm cool with that."

"Stop talking," Aspenblade snapped.

"I'll be not talking then," Silversoar murmured quietly.

"Leave."

"I'll be not talking over there then," Silversoar corrected, and trudged off to go sulk in the corner.

Aspenblade cleared her throat, physically shoving Emberstream to the side as she introduced herself. "I'm Aspenblade, and I can control plants. I do what I want."

"How charming," Superstar remarked.

Another long silence followed and all of the cats stared at Emberstream, the only cat who hadn't spoken. After a few moments of awkward staring, Superstar gesture for her to speak. "Oh!" Emberstream exclaimed, quickly scrambling to compose herself. "I may not know you all, but I like you anyway."

Emberstream grinned, and Superstar sighed in exasperation. "And your powers are...?"

"Yes! Right!" Emberstream nodded, then blinked and suddenly sneezed. A plume of blue fire scorched the ground between her paws and Aspenblade hissed and leaped back in surprise. "I can create fire. That happens sometimes."

"Can you grow herbs?" Herbfeather inquired, having approached the somewhat displeased Aspenblade.

"Of course I can grow herbs," Aspenblade snorted, as if the question were absurd.

"I think we're going to be good friends!" Herbfeather chirped far too enthusiastically.

"I don't have *friends*," Aspenblade retorted, then suddenly recoiled as Herbfeather leaned in closer to her face.

"*I will make you my friend*," Herbfeather whispered threateningly.

Superstar frowned. "Can't you intimidate cats on your own time?"

"NO!" Herbfeather screeched, punching Hotpaw in the face when he came up to tap her on the shoulder.

Superstar groaned in irritation, pushing through the crowd of cats and avoiding Herbfeather as much as possible. He turned to look at the four newcomers. "Why don't you guys go get settled down? I built you all nests using my mind powers while you were arguing."

"I guess we should go do that I love you," Silversoar meowed to Aspenblade as he sat down beside her again, staring fondly at the side of her head. Aspenblade's ear twitched in annoyance and she growled under her breath.

"Fine," Solarlight spat, angry for absolutely no reason, "We'll go and sleep then. I hope none of you get mURDERED!"

"Goodbye, angsty solar panel!" Emberstream replied enthusiastically, then after three seconds, walked off in the exact same direction as him.

The cats all dispersed, Oaktail still looking utterly confused as to where the four cats had come from. "Goodnight everyone! Tomorrow we attack!" Superstar called out.

"But Superstar-"

"Goodnight Oaktail!"

"Superstar I am concerned for the safety of-"

"GOODNIGHT."

"He threatened to murder us-"

"I SAID GOODNIGHT TO YOU SIR."

"FRICKN"

Hope you enjoyed my first SuperClan chapter! It's about to go down.

~Frost

Chapter 9

"Alright, SuperClan! We've trained long and hard for this moment!" Superstar yowled at the cats gathered below him.

"We've literally done nothing to prepare at all," Oaktail interrupted.

"As I was saying!" Superstar said loudly, drowning out Oaktail's protests. "We've worked long and hard for this very moment-"

"We didn't know it was going to happen until *yesterday*," Oaktail objected.

"We've worked for this precise moment!" Superstar said even more loudly than before. "And I expect you to fight bravely! We are all incredible cats who are completely invincible!"

"Did you not see Goldpaw get ripped apart?" Oaktail asked, annoyed.

"WE ARE INVINCIBLE!" Superstar roared. "AND WE WILL NOT LET ANYONE CONVINCE US OTHERWISE!"

"I'm a solar panel!" Solarlight yelled suddenly, and all the Clan turned to stare at him.

"Sorry, he gets like this and Aspenblade is beautiful," Silversoar explained.

"Silversoar..." Aspenblade began. "Do us all a favor, and shut up."

"I will shut up and I love you!" Silversoar responded, and Aspenblade rolled her eyes.

"Now we will march on the vicious EhClan-"

"CoolClan," Oaktail muttered.

"EHCLAN!" Superstar said again, louder. "And we will destroy them

with our awesomeness! Cats, to EhClan!"

The group marched into the CoolClan camp. "Oh, it's you again," Snowstar said boredly. "I was hoping that it would be someone interesting."

"How dare you!" Superstar yowled. "Give us our cats back!"

"We didn't take your cats, we simply invited them here." Snowstar yawned. "If you insist on challenging us, you could always fight Wolfclaw again."

"No." Superstar stepped forwards. "We'll fight *you*."

"Fine," the tom sighed. "Pick the Warrior you most want to get murdered."

"Hmm..." Superstar considered.

"You can't do this!" Oaktail protested, but Superstar drowned out his voice by yelling out a cat's name.

"Emberstream! I choose you to fight against Snowstar! I feel certain that you will succeed!" Superstar lowered his voice. "And I'll kill you myself if you don't."

"Okay, Superstar!" Emberstream said happily. "I will murder you cheerfully!" she said to the CoolClan leader.

"Sure, why not," Snowstar said after staring at her for a moment. "Let our fight begin!" he said, and used his powers to create an ice storm that slowly froze Emberstream to death. She used her fire powers and melted all of the ice, creating a pool of water at her paws.

"What? No!" Snowstar yowled, and Emberstream stepped forwards to destroy him cheerfully.

She looked down in horror as her paw splashed in the puddle created by the ice she had just melted.

"No! My one weakness! *Water!*" she screeched, before melting and

becoming one with the puddle.

"Gross, Emberstream-water," Hotpaw muttered.

"I AM A SOLAR PANEL!" Solarlight yelled once again.

"*What*?" The two groups of cats asked collectively.

"What he *means*," said Aspenblaze, shoving him to the side, "is that we will help you destroy all of EhClan!"

"Superstar, we really shouldn't trust-"

"SILENCE YOU FOOL!" Superstar yelled.

"But I-"

"SILENCE!"

"I am *so* done with you," Oaktail growled under his breath.

"Well, I was never in love with you, either."

"No, that's not what I-" Oaktail began hurriedly.

"You don't have to be ashamed, Oaktail! Now be silent!"

Oaktail withdrew, grumbling to himself.

"You know what?" Superstar said, glaring at Snowstar. "I'm done with all of these silly duels and pointless rambling. SuperClan, ATTACK!"

Written by le Amazing Annco

Chapter 10

"Charge!"

Snowstar's cry rang throughout the trees.

"You're *really* loud!" Frostwing screamed back at him, and the tom briefly looked taken aback.

"SuperClan, attack!" Superstar commanded in return, and the cats of SuperClan rushed forwards towards their enemies. Just before the two sides were plunged deep into the throws of battle, a blinding white light shone blindingly through the trees temporarily blinding the battling cats with blinding light that was white.

"I'm having a vision!" Cried Herbfeather, who had been invited to the battle for reasons unknown, and proceeded to sit down right in the middle of the two stunned groups of cats and beginning some sort of meditation ritual.

The cats had paused when the light appeared, and as it faded, the cats all gasped at the glowing form padding towards them. "You were expecting someone unexpected," The form declared, finally becoming visible to the surrounding cats in the form of a drab brown tabby tom. The cats' gazes fell. "BUT IT IS I, HOLLOWLEAF!"

"What's going on?" Emberstream asked quietly.

"Hold on, I'm getting something," Herbfeather interrupted, having not turned to witness Hollowleaf's dramatic arrival. "It's a prophecy! There will be a blinding white light that is both blinding and white..."

"Yes, that would be me," Hollowleaf replied uncertainly, though Herbfeather appeared to ignore him, "And-"

"And a cat will appear before us, telling us to stop fighting, and that an era of peace is dawning!" Herbfeather exclaimed, screwing her eyes shut to focus.

Hollowleaf awkwardly cleared his throat. "Yes, I was sent-"

"THIS ERA OF PEACE WILL COME ABOUT BECAUSE A NEW CLAN WILL JOIN THE FOREST," Herbfeather continued obliviously, having raised her voice considerably.

"Bro, come on, StarClan never lets me deliver prophecies," Hollowleaf complained.

"THIS CLAN WILL BE A CLAN FULL OF NORMAL CATS, AND WE MUST WELCOME THEM WITH OPEN PAWS," Herbfeather finally finished, exhaling loudly before opening her eyes, and looking right past Hollowleaf towards Superstar.

"I see," Superstar murmured, having received Herbfeather's information, "And trusted medicine cat, how do you suggest we handle this decree of peace?"

Herbfeather shrugged. "I dunno, murder them and steal their gold?"

"Good plan," Superstar agreed, "They could have much gold."

"Guys, wait, that's not how the prophecy goes," Hollowleaf objected.

"Emberstream, light him on fire."

"Yessir!" Emberstream chirped, then sneezed in Hollowleaf's general direction, and the drab brown tom burst into flames.

Snowstar gestured for his warriors to stay back, and approached Superstar, stepping over the pile of Hollowleaf's ashes. "I will join you in your conquest," Snowstar announced, which was met with grumbling from the cats behind him. "As long as they do in fact have much gold."

Cheering broke out as Snowstar finished his statement, and Superstar sighed loudly, rolling his eyes. "Ugh, fine, you can help us murder the defenseless cats," He decided, "But you're not invited to

the post-murder-of-defenseless-cats afterparty."

"Awesome," Snowstar nodded, which was followed by a very long silence whilst the SuperClan and CoolClan cats exchanged glances.

Superstar flicked his tail. "You kind of, like, murdered one of my cats."

"Oh," Snowstar coughed quietly, "I mean, that wasn't technically me."

"It - you commanded it."

"That was sort of collateral damage."

"Your face is collateral damage," Solarlight muttered, and accepted Aspenblade's resulting high-five.

"I'll give you 78% of the much gold," Snowstar elected.

"Deal!" Superstar agreed triumphantly.

Sick burn.

~Frost

Chapter 11

"I think I'm having kits!" Streamflower meowed.

"Chill!!!!!" Herbfeather meowed, getting her paws ready.

"HERRRRBBBBBS!" Streamflower meowed.

Herbfeather ignored Streamflower's meow and pushed her into the nursery.

Streamflower groaned. Herbfeather rubbed her paws together and three kits started meowing in front of the two she-cats.

"Thank you Herbfeather." Streamflower meowed.

"No problem, like seriously no problem." Herbfeather replied.

The three cats meowed again.

"Name us." one meowed, while the other ones were silent.

"You are the only tom, your name will be Fastkit for being a early cat." Streamflower meowed.

"Yay!" Fastkit cheered.

"Your sisters will be named Mintkit and Plumkit." Streamflower named.

Mintkit started to dance and Plumkit joined her. Fastkit ran around quickly.

"Fastkit, I think your power is speed!" Streamflower clapped her paws.

Mintkit started to change colors, Plumkit looked at her, confused.

"Mama, why is Mintkit changing color?" Plumkit asked.

"That might be her power!" Streamflower answered.

Plumkit sat down sadly. I want powers...

"Plumkit, you will get them soon." Streamflower comforted.

Days past and Mintkit kept changing colors, while Fastkit ran around the nursery like a mad-cat. Plumkit woke up and looked at herself. *I'm not cool.* Plumkit walked to the stream, *Mama...*As she walked in the stream she didn't fall.

"What is this!!!!!" she meowed to herself. "I GOT POWERS!!!"

She ran back and gloated to her siblings. They all played around with their powers. Streamflower began to settle her kits.

"I have to tell you who your father is, he is strong, brave, and powerful." Streamflower started, "His name is Superstar."

~

Whisper here with other chapter. I almost did a cliff-hanger...lol, I have a kind soul, maybe. I hope you like!

Chapter 12

Fastkit was racing around while Superstar was dealing with Snowstar. Plumkit played with Mintkit and used their powers to do cool things.

Fastkit leaped and jumped at the tree. Then he started to climb and grabbed a fruit.

"Mintkit! Plumkit! I got a red fruit!" Fastkit meowed loudly.

Mintkit looked at Fastkit almost about to eat it.

"Fastkit! I think that's a bad berry." Plumkit meowed worriedly.

"Bad berry." Mintkit repeated.

Fastkit looked at it. "Bad berry." and he kicked it.

"I'm bored." Mintkit groaned.

"We are always bored." Plumkit answered.

Fastkit meowed, "I'm the oldest! I say we should play 'Act like an apprentice'. It's a fun game."

Plumkit nodded, "Sounds good."

Fast'paw' walked around stealthily. Plum'paw' and Mint'paw' followed.

"Kits, time for bed!" Streamflower's meowed.

"Kay" they all replied and ran to the nursery.

~
Chapter written by Whisper in Japan :3

Chapter 13

"All cats, gather before the most awesomest cat of awesome that ever awesomed on the face of this planet!" Superstar yowled from where he was hovering twenty feet in the air.

The cats grumbled as they gathered together, unwilling to stop lazing around and doing nothing. Once they had collected at a point almost beneath Superstar, they looked up at him expectantly.

"Today we will name Fastkit, Mintkit, and Plumkit apprentices!" he said grandly, and the three kits squealed in excitement, Mintkit changing colors at a rapid pace.

"They've only been alive for, like, a week," Oaktail pointed out.

"Shut up!" Superstar snapped. "Now before I begi-"

"I'M A SOLAR PANEL!" Solarlight yowled loudly. All the cats turned to stare at him, and he laughed maniacally. "JK, YO MAMA IS A SOLAR PANEL!"

"OOOOOH," the Clan said in unison, acknowledging the epic burn-ness of that supremely epic burn.

"ANYWAYS," Superstar said loudly, regaining the cats' attention, "Fastkit, your mentor will be Quickpaw, seeing as you have the exact same power."

"Uh... Shouldn't I be a warrior first?" Quickpaw asked.

"Do you want an apprentice, or not?"

"I do."

"Great, you're a warrior!" Superstar declared.

"That's not how it works," Oaktail said pointedly. Superstar blatantly ignored him.

"Quickpaw, you're now Quickfoot. Fastkit, you're now Fastpaw." Fastpaw and Quickfoot touched noses at the speed of light.

"Mintkit, your mentor will be Emberstream. You will now be known as Mintpaw." Emberstream and Mintpaw touched noses, Mintpaw jumping back when a spark flew out of her mentor's nose.

"Troutpaw, do you want an apprentice?"

"I do."

"Great! Plumkit, you're now Plumpaw, and Troutstream is your mentor!" The two cats touched noses, already envisioning the fun they could have together with their water powers.

"Okay, everybody can return to doing nothing now! Meeting dismissed!"

Superstar floated back into his cave and the cats wandered off to go back to doing nothing.

This chapter was written by le Amazing Annco, I hope you liked it!

Chapter 14

"I'm bored," Fastpaw complained, flopping down onto the grass at Plumpaw's paws, though she only stared at him with unmasked irritation. "Quickfoot's been busy all day."

"Really?" Mintpaw asked, glancing over at where Quickfoot was staring at a wall on the other side of camp, "He doesn't look busy."

Fastpaw sighed loudly, raising his head. "HEY QUICKFOOT!"

"WHAT?!" the tabby tom yelled back.

"CAN WE GO DO A THING?"

"NO," came his belayed response, "I'M BUSY."

"You don't look busy," Mintpaw pointed out.

"SUPER BUSY," he responded.

Fastpaw groaned, pushing himself back into a sitting position whilst he debated on what to do next. "Is it just me, or do our mentors not know what they're doing?"

"Woah," Plumpaw sneered, "It's almost as if they were made Warriors yesterday."

Both of the other apprentices ignored her, and Mintpaw leaned so close to Fastpaw's ear that he sneezed from discomfort. "That was adorable."

Fastpaw frowned. "Okay?"

"You smell like the dreams of children."

"Thank."

"And the blood of my enemies."

"Uhhhhhhh..."

"Oh, for StarClan's sake!" Plumpaw exclaimed, getting to her paws, "Fine, if you two are going to be weird, let's just ignore our seven-moon-old mentors and just go out and do something."

Mintpaw gasped in realization. "I could totally date Quickfoot."

"UGH NO DON'T TOUCH ME," Quickfoot yelled from the other side of the clearing, almost knocking over the trail of dominoes he'd randomly assembled all over camp in fifteen consecutive seconds.

Plumpaw lashed her tail excitedly. "So what do you guys say? Up for an adventure?"

"I'm gonna tear a badger's head off with my mind powers!" Mintpaw chirped.

"You... you don't have those."

"Gotta go fast!" Fastpaw yowled, and ran away screaming into the forest.

~ Eleven Seconds Later ~

Superstar backflipped off of the ledge that extended from his den, landing perfectly on the grass without so much as a sound. "What a beautiful day it is to beat Oaktail at go-fish."

"Whatever," Oaktail growled, trudging past him dejectedly.

"So what's going on out here? Quickfoot's setting up dominoes, I'm about to go knock them over-"

Quickfoot pricked his ears. "What was that?"

"-Nothing! Well, it looks like everything's good out here - wait, what is that I hear? Is that the sound of three apprentices not being in

camp?" Superstar whirled to face Emberstream, who was eating an extremely burnt mouse a few paces away. "Where are Plumpaw, Mintpaw, and Fastpaw?"

"I'm not sure," Emberstream admitted, "But I bet they're doing something awesome and fun, like going on an adventure or joining a cult!"

Superstar narrowed his eyes. "If you can't find them I will club you over the head with a stale baguette."

"I love baguettes!"

"And then exile you."

"Well that's disappointing."

"Forever."

"Oh."

Superstar appeared to turn away, then suddenly stopped and looked back at her. "Did you say something about a cult?"

"Pfft, no," Emberstream laughed uneasily.

"You just said it."

"No I didn't."

"Just now."

"I don't think so."

"Are you part of cult?" He asked suspiciously, and when he received no answer, sighed again. "You know what, just go find them as soon as possible."

I'm like 3% sure I know what I'm doing.

~Frost

Chapter 15

"Fastpaw, Mintpaw, Plumpaw?" Emberstream meowed, her voice cracked as she screeched like an apprentice.

"Plumpaw? Do you want to go to the Lake with me? We could play with some water!" Troutstream tries to find his apprentice when he hears an apprentice screech.

"That was me, sorry Troutstream." Emberstream sadly meowed.

Troutstream grunted and stomped away, "We'll get exile if we can't find them."

Emberstream rolled her eyes. Quickfoot was speeding everywhere looking for the apprentices until he bumped Emberstream.

"Look where you're going!" Emberstream screamed at Quickfoot in an apprentice squeal.

"Fastpaw? Was that you?" Troutstream asked.

"Troutstream, that was Emberstream..." Quickfoot answered quickly.

"Emberstream...you sound like a tom, now let's get moving." Troutstream chuckled and walked away.

"Plumpaw?" Troutstream meowed making a tired apprentice squeal.

"Now, who is the apprentice...you are Troutstream." Emberstream laughed and accidentally burnt down a tree.

Quickfoot looked around quickly..."I smell fire." he meowed in a worried tone.

"It's not like Emberstream burnt a tree down." Troutstream joked. "Quickfoot, maybe I should call you Sloweyes."

Quickfoot's eyes turned red in anger, but it started to dissipate

because he was tired.

"I'm going back..." Quickfoot meowed and dashed the way to camp.

"Troutstream? You coming?" Emberstream asked.

"What about the apprentices and getting exiled." Troutstream panicked.

"Whatever...Superstar wouldn't be too mean, I mean...we have the strong powers." Emberstream responded boldly and confidently.

"Yeah, I guess you're right." Troutstream loosened up and followed Emberstream.

Little did the mentors know that the apprentices were only a few tail lengths in front of them.

~

The mentors really don't know anything, now do they. I hope you enjoyed the chapter and read on as the apprentices continue their journey.

~Whisper

Chapter 16

Fastpaw darted through the forest, already on his fifth lap of SuperClan's territory in the last 18 seconds. It was getting rather old, he mused. Why had they clamoured as kits to get out of camp? Granted, it had only been about a week, but Fastpaw was already bored of his territory. He'd already seen it 120945789348572938475 times!

Of course, idle hands are the devils plaything- or more to the point- the bored cat was going to get in trouble. And so Fastpaw, the bored little gray tom, decided to take a stroll through the nearby territories. By stroll, I mean he zoomed through them so fast that he made it from Britain to Greece in 0.87 seconds and back in the next 2.

On his way back, he found two cats yelling at each other loudly. One, a shaggy orange tom, had reddish eyes and an overall aloof attitude. The other, a tiny cream and white she-cat with large green eyes, had the loudest voice Fastpaw had ever heard.

"Why are you arguing?" Fastpaw asked. To their credit, neither seemed overly startled that he had appeared out of thin air.

"I have the better superpower!" The little white cat shouted.

"Nah, man. Mine is waaay better. Like, totally rad, man." The other tom swayed as he spoke and almost fell over even though he hadn't been moving.

"No MINE IS BETTER!"

"Nah man."

"AAARGH!"

"Maybe I can take you to my super ultimate leader and he can decide which of your powers is better?" Fastpaw suggested. The two

cats stared at each other before reluctantly agreeing.

The gray tom darted away, appearing at the entrance of the camp. A few seconds later, when he realized that neither cat had followed, he hit his head with his tail. Then, he zoomed back to them.

"You guys are very slow." He informed them primly. Then, he settled himself for the looooooong (maybe 10 minute) walk to his camp.

They barged through the camp entrance and Fastpaw yelled at the top of his lungs "Hey Superstar! I HAVE PEOPLE HERE."

The elegant and most majestic leader of all leaders floated from his den.

"Who dares disturb my slumber?!"

Fastpaw nudged the two cats forward. "I have found these two random cats on the road, my lord, leader, king, majesty, grand duke, supreme overlord, sir ma'am sir. They need to know which one of them has the better superpower."

Superstar eyed the two cats. "Very well. You! Milky one! What is your name and power?"

The green eyed she-cat gave him an unimpressed look. "My name is Milk. My power is milk." She waved a paw, and it started raining milk.

Superstar stuck out his tongue and let the milk coat his tongue. "Well this is quite delicious! ME GUSTA!" Then he made a strange face. "Other cat! What-"

"Heeeey man." The shaggy tom interrupted. "I'm, like, yeah my name is Hippie. And I see in colors. They're beautiful, man! So many greens and reds floating in the air."

Every cat stared at him.

"Are you high?" Fastpaw finally asked. Hippie pulled out a hoard of catmint.

"Nah, these are my medicinal herbs. They make me real *mellow*."

"You win! Come, lets be mellow together in my den!" Superstar snatched the tom and led him (and more specifically, the catmint) to his den.

"That's not even fair! He doesn't even have a superpower!" Milk whined.

Fastpaw shrugged. "Wanna have a race?"

Milk's tail twitched. "You're going to win." She stated.

Fastpaw nudged her, dropping into a crouch. "Oh come on, it'll be fun. I want to see how many laps around the territory I can do by the time you get around it once."

"I'm not even part of your Clan."

"Oh yeah..."

"...lets do it anyway!"

It turns out that Fastpaw can get around SuperClan territory 1354749345634 times before Milk could.

Blaze doesn't know what just happened here, but something happened...

Chapter 17

Mintpaw wandered around camp, changing colors arbitrarily due to boredom. Suddenly, it started raining milk. Mintpaw sighed in annoyance, feeling the substance sink into her fur unpleasantly.

"Milk!" she yowled.

"Huh?" the white rogue woke with a start.

"You were making it rain milk in your sleep, *again*."

"Sorry, Mintpaw," she apologized.

"ALL CATMINTS- I MEAN MINT CATS- I MEAN UH MEDICINAL HERBS WAIT NO- CATS! ALL CATMINT HERB CATS GATHER SQUARE BENEATH THE OVERLORDLY CHUNK OF SAMITE-WORTHY ROCK!" Superstar yowled.

The entire clearing fell dead silent as all the cats turned to look at their leader.

"IN HONOR OF THE CATMINT MEDICINE COLORS WHICH HATH MORE BEAUTY THAN ALL THE TRESSES OF FAIRY MAIDENS COMBINED, I HEREBY PROCLAIM THAT FROM THIS DAY FOREVERWARDS, ALL CATMINT- I MEAN MEDICINAL COLORS- WAIT NO- MEDICINAL HERBS SHALL BE GIVEN TO ME, FOR STORAGE IN MY MOST SUPERCILIOUS DEN!" Superstar yowled, swaying lopsidedly.

From inside his den, a vague "Wheeeeee!" could be heard from Hippie. All the cats simply stared at Superstar for a few moments, before Oaktail stepped forwards.

"You're high."

"I HAVE MOST DEFINITIVELY NEVER SUPPOSED AS TO BE SUCH"

"You're high."

"NAH"

"Yes."

"NAH"

"How did you even become leader, anyways?"

"... NAH"

"AGH"

This strange chapter was written by le Amazing Annco! Hope you enjoyed!

Chapter 18

"Plumpaw!" Troutstream yowled.

"What?" the young apprentice asked grumpily from her nest.

"Come on, we're going to go train with Quickfoot and Fastpaw!" Plumpaw groaned and pulled herself reluctantly out of her nest, shaking a piece of moss off her ear.

"Hurry up! Quickfoot and Fastpaw have already been there and back about 180,958 times!"

Plumpaw dragged her paws as she followed her mentor into the forest. "Where are we going?" she asked grudgingly.

Troutstream sighed. "Don't be so moody, this'll be fun! And we're going tree climbing by the river."

Plumpaw rolled her eyes. Why was scrambling up a piece of wood considered necessary? And why would she find it fun?

Fastpaw streaked through the forest and stopped next to her. "Come on, I've lapped you like 180,483 times! Hurry up!" Fastpaw darted off again, and Plumpaw shook her head, smiling slightly.

When they got to the river, they found Quickfoot and Fastpaw waited impatiently for them. "Wow, you guys are slow!" Quickfoot commented.

"Sorry," Troutstream sighed. "*Someone* didn't want to get out of her nest this morning."

"Well," Quickfoot began, changing topics, "now that you're here, let's start tree-climbing!"

"Plumpaw and I will be in, or on, the stream, and Quickfoot and Fastpaw will be tree climbing," Troutstream instructed.

The cats got in their positions, and Quickfoot started talking. "Okay, Fastpaw. I want you to run straight up the tree as fast as you can, then back down."

Fastpaw nodded and shot up the tree. His paws left a trail of fire behind him due to his speed, and the tree that he had just climbed caught on fire from top to bottom.

Troutstream and Plumpaw splashed water from the stream on the tree and put out the fire, whilst it started raining a white substance from the sky, and a distant yell of "Milk!" could be heard from Mintpaw.

This extremely late chapter was written by the not-so-amazing Annco. Sorry for the wait!

Chapter 19

A crisp leafbare morning hung high above the camp of SuperClan, the gentle serenading of a nearby sparrow filling the air with a chilling harmony. Leaves crackled at the twinge of frost, cascading slowly towards the ground to create a blanket of warm colours against the harshly coloured grass. The camp was quiet as the weak sun began to rise, most still using their powers for the greater good in their dreams, except for Oaktail, who was destroying a kittypet village in his wildest fantasies. A puff came from the elders den, one of shattered breath at first glance, but as Goldpaw neared the dwelling, he saw it was coming from the stoned elder known as Hippie.

"Uh, Hippie, you there?" Goldpaw asked, disturbed.

Hippie took another puff from the drug induced cigarette he held. "Aw yeah, I'm flyin' highhhhhhhhh... on the clouuuuuuuuuuuuds."

She coughed awkwardly. "Uh, I'm getting complaints from Hotpaw that you're passing the blunt too early in the morning, you keep setting off his dragon mechanism and it's honestly distracting."

A large roar followed by the violent flapping of wings commenced from the apprentices den, and a symphony of moaning ensued. Goldpaw rolled her eyes, looking back to the stoned cat.

"I'm always high dude, just never before like thiiiiiiiiiiiis," he slurred.

She grunted, turning to the second elder. "Milk, how distracting do you find him?"

She shrugged. "I'm just waitin' for some kits so I can use my powers for the greater good!"

Goldpaw narrowed her eyes. "You're one hundred and twenty seven moons old."

"Oh," she resigned lowly.

Hippe puffed again, breathing heavily. "Can't you just tell that Hotpaw to mind his own business? Get out my den."

She groaned, turning tail and sauntering out of the elders den, huffing and puffing... and choking. She bumped into Silversoar, his feathered wings ruffling against her nose and causing her to sneeze.

"You look ill, maybe you should go and see Herbfeather," he suggested.

She shook her head. "No, just been in the presence of Bluntface over there."

He sighed, glancing towards the elders den. "We should get rid of him."

He thought for a moment. "I thought I heard him say he thought he was up on the clouds?"

Goldpaw nodded. "Why, do you think we should put him there?"

Silversoar glanced her and look, and Goldpaw yipped for joy. Bouncing over to the fresh-kill pile, she selected a mouse that Emberstream had successfully fired bluely to death. Then, she inserted two leaves of catmint, the highlight of cat highs. She stepped into his den, greeting him happily.

"Thought I told you to get out!" he slurred again.

"Just brought you some mouse Hippie, it'll send you way up high... LITERALLY."

Hippie devoured the mouse, his head beginning to lol from side to side. He staggered to his paws, eyes red and rolling back at the high he felt.

"Woah, this is insane."

Silversoar leaped onto him, spreading his feathered wings and taking off for the sky. The clouds raced past them, pushing through

Hippie effortlessly, before turning black and dying. The sturdiest looking cloud approached them, and Silversoar dumped the high elder onto it and sped back to the ground, cackling. He greeted Goldpaw, rejoicing at the departure of the SuperClan burden.

"Burn the blunts, Goldpaw! Burn the blunts!" he chanted, overjoyed.

"Never again will I be smacked in the face by dragon Hotpaw!" she cried.

"Not so fast!"

Silversoar glanced upwards, and to his dismay, Superstar glided down from the clouds with Hippie on his back, both high off of their minds. He shook his head as his leader began towards him.

"Seriously?"

"Dude, you ain't ever gettin' rid of this dude, my dude. He's raaaaaaaaaaaad."

And that was the day Silversoar and Goldpaw lost faith in SuperClan.

The End

~Written by a probably high Hazel. I like Hippie~

Chapter 20

Plumpaw and Troutstream were playing with water. Plumpaw was floating above the river and Troutstream was in the river and swimming. They were trying to get each other to get wet. Troutstream used his tail to splash water all over his apprentice. Plumpaw thought otherwise and released her power which made her plummet into the river. She tried her hardest to swim, but she couldn't. She tried to get her power to activate, but it didn't work. She started to panic, her heart racing and her mind confused. She gave up and the water decided to consume her.

Troutstream jumped out of the river and saw a brown pelt cat floating in the surface. He chuckled when he thought it was some kind of dung, but as he looked closer he saw that isnt wasn't fox-dung, it was his apprentice.

"Plumpaw! Come on!" Troutstream yelled, but the apprentice didn't give him a respond. Troutstream leaped into the river and grasp the young apprentice in his jaw. The two arrived on the sandy ground and Plumpsw wasn't breathing. Troutstream started to help her by doing CPR, but he forgot how to do it. He decided to wrap himself around her to try and keep her warm.

Two other cats came over, it was Mintpaw and her mentor, Emberstream.

"Troutstream! Why are you huddling so close to Plumpaw!" Emberstream yowled aggressively.

"Plumpaw almost drowned and so she is..." Troutstream tried to explain.

Mintpaw turned her pelt color into a Troutstream pelt and leaped into the river.

"I'm Troutstream." she yowled like if she was in the jungle.

Emberstream got up to Plumkit and did CPR.

"Why couldn't you do CPR?" Emberstream asked.

Troutstream shook his head.

"I forgot." he muttered.

Emberstream got a glimpse of her apprentice just floating on a stick.

"You! Right there in the gray and white! Come back here ignorant fool!" Emberstream shouted.

Mintpaw shook her head, "I'm pretending to be like Troutstream because he is mean to Plumpaw."

Emberstream rolled her eyes, pushed down on Plumpaw's chest and water started to spray out of her mouth.

"MINTPAW! COME BACK HERE!" Emberstream yowled, "I know that Troutstream is a douchebag, but come on!"

Troutstream got up, "Yo, I'm right here."

Emberstream rolled her eyes again, "Whatever."

Mintpaw hugged the stick, "No!" she answered.

"Don't make me burn that stick of yours." Emberstream retorted and fire started to appear in her paw.

"Noooooo! I'm coming! I'm coming." Mintpaw shouted back.

The Troutstream colored apprentice started to swim in still floating on the stick.

After half-mark, the little apprentice asked if she could bring the stick. The cats nodded. Mintpaw made it to the land and started to drag her stick out of the water. Troutstream and Emberstream's jaws were opened widely. The stick was longer than the mentors combined!

"On second thought, how about we go back to camp without the

stick." Emberstream meowed.

"Fine." Mintpaw replied and hugged her stick before following the others back to camp.

~

Yay! Another chapter! I hope you enjoyed the longer chapter and I hope it brought smiles and laughs!

~Whisper

Chapter 21

Chapter 21

The weather was of a light chill, a gentle breeze rustling the long grass of SuperClan territory, a visible patch of burnt greenery where it seemed a few fiery members had wandered past. Sand laid in a perfect layer against the ground, feathers lay dormant and the strong scent of catmint wafted in puffs of smoke across the land. Just another day in the land of powers, another day in SuperClan.

Squirrelstripe and Streamflower, too rather close friends, strolled leisurely across the terrain with tails waving softly to the beat of their paws. A tree laid in the way of their path, perhaps from Herbfeather's tree growing expedition, and with a single shred of his lllAAAAAAAAser eyes, the tree was depleted.

"Y'know, it's so awesome that you can do that," Streamflower commented, stepping over the burning mess.

"Yeah, I guess, but I wish I could turn invisible like you," he complained, his laser eyes not suitable.

She shrugged. "I do hear a lot."

Squirrelstripe raised a non-existent eyebrow. "Like what?"

Streamflower smirked. "That's for me to know, not you."

Before they could continue, a certain Silversoar rushed past them, feathery wings gliding gracefully as he rushed past. His elegant silver fur brushed against Squirrelstripe, knocking the ginger warrior to the side.

"Hey, watch where you're going, grey-face!" he retorted, scoffing.

Silversoar smiled, landing for a short amount of time. "Oh, sorry Squirrel, didn't mean to fluster you. Don't laser me!"

Without another word, he spread his wings and fluttered away alongside a nearby flock of sparrows. Squirrelstripe growled, willing his eyes to laser off his feathers so he fell to the ground, positively fried.

"I hate him," he muttered, receiving a gasp from Streamflower.

"Hate him?!" she cried, outraged. "But he's... perfect..."

Squirrelstripe scoffed. "Perfect? He looks like he crawled out of a birds nest!"

Streamflower huffed, unamused. "You just don't like him like I do, but whatever. Superstar wouldn't approve of us talking about his star warrior."

"You care what Superstar thinks?" he asked in surprise as they wandered across the burnt fields of his Clan.

Streamflower looked rather outraged at his question. "Of course? He's our Clan leader! He's almighty!"

Squirrelstripe's eyes of extreme laser pierced into her skull, and if it weren't for his restraining skills learnt from years of taking orders from Superstar, he may have singed her fur off for her comment.

"Superstar's nothing but an arrogant letdown," he sneered, holding his nose up.

Streamflower frowned. "Let's just agree to disagree."

They continued a short while longer, the stretch of burnt grass becoming ombre with a black smoke that hung on the tips of each blade, a blue twinge to them. Both cats took one look at another and in a defeated chorus they sighed.

"Emberstream."

Streamflower grunted. "She can't control her powers, *at all*. Look at this mess!"

"So not cultured to SuperClan," Squirrelstripe scoffed, his prestige

unimaginable.

"All these heat and fire controllers, they think they're it, don't they? How they can just burn things down with teal flames like they own the place," she hissed, staring dismally towards the ground with hatred plastered over her face.

"Hotpaw's gonna grow up to be like her, I can tell," Squirrelstripe commented, spitting at the filth he named.

"But they're not awesome like us, remember?" Streamflower added wisely, nodding to her words.

A rush of air lifted from the ground, and in an instant a figure flew past them, paws thundering and breaths effortless, as though it weren't even moving. The jolly face of Quickfoot met them, his happiness and glee prominent as the early bird's call sending chills down their spines.

"Good day to you both!" Quickfoot called, merry.

"Hey," Streamflower greeted him, uninterested. He did not receive this.

"Such a wonderful day in SuperClan! I've been rushing about, business as usual, cleaning out the dens, a spot of hunting, fierce fighting practise, tree climbing, herb sorting, errand running, Clan politics, y'know, all those daily activities!"

His words left his mouth so swiftly Squirrelstripe could almost see them physically vomit from his throat. Streamflower nodded emptily, not catching a single word.

"So how have you been, old chums?!" he asked, his despicable tone disgusting.

"Uh, I, uh, good, yes, thanks, uh, yeah, great," Squirrelstripe stuttered, forgetting the ancient art of words from mouth.

Quickfoot smiled broadly. "Jolly good! Well, must dash, toodles!"

In a flash, the obnoxious warrior darted into the distance, a sound

wave quivering behind him. Streamflower quietly seethed on the spot, and tiny lasers sparked from Squirrelstripe as anger pulsed from him.

"I hate that cat," they growled in unison.

Silence fell upon them for a moment, before a question popped into the laser cat's mind.

"Y'know who I really can't stand?"

"Quickfoot? Hotpaw? Silversoar? Superstar? Emberstream? Hippie? Me? Yourself? The sweet release of death being so far away? The-."

"*None of them*," he grunted through his teeth.

"Oh? Then who?" she asked.

"Frostwing,"

Streamflower shuddered as the cold named cat came into conversation, her supersonic hearing intimidating to all.

"She's such a vicious snob, I wish she'd go deaf so we could all talk about her in peace."

A dark, violent monster appeared behind him, and Streamflower used her powers for good and turned invisible, scooting away.

"Streamflower? Hey! Where did you go?" he called, to no avail.

"Oh, Squirrelstripe!" Frostwing called icily from behind him, and in fear and realisation he turned around.

"Oh, uh, Frostwing! I-."

And that, was the last time Squirrelstripe and Streamflower spoke of others again.

~Written by Hazel lmao~

Chapter 22

It was a chilly day, with a crisp breeze blowing through the camp. Hippie awoke from his unconscious state, muttering in shock. "Who-what? Who blew on me?"

Aspenblade walked by, snickering at the still-high rogue. "It's called the wind, stupid."

Hippie stared at the brown-and-white she-cat in confusion for several heartbeats. Just as his bloodshot gaze began to make her uncomfortable, he spoke again. "Y... you're the one that can control plant growth!"

"I am..." She responded cautiously.

"Can you grow me some catnip?"

Aspenblade gave the old cat an are-you-for-real-right-now look. "No! I won't use by powers to feed some rogue's addiction!"

Hippie gave her a questioning glance. "Why noooooooott??? I- I'll only eat a littllllleee."

"I highly doubt that is true."

The tom stood, swaying from side-to-side on unbalanced feet. "You betterrr believe i-it! Or I'll... I'll killllllllllll youuuuuuuuuu!!!!!!!!!1!! 11111!1!!!!!!1!"

Aspenblade arched a non-existent eyebrow and watched the cat clumsily stumble over to her. "DIE! DIE! DIE!" He screeched, slashing blindly at a tree.

She scoffed, sitting down and enjoying the scene.

"DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE! DIE!" Hippie was by then biting his own foot.

After knawing at his paw until it was bloody, he moved into a nearby bush. "DIE! DIE! DIE!"

Eventually, after he had beaten himself up in an attempt to kill Aspenblade, the she-cat became bored and turned tail, leaving the rogue to continue fighting invisible enemies.

{This was really short. And I mean reallyyyyyyy short. Feather is sowwy. Feather just really needed to update this book because Feather likes to procrastinate.}

Chapter 23

The many adventures of Troutstream and Plumpaw...

Troutstream was a simpleton, never once stepping foot in the realm of SuperClan with an invitation or purpose in being there. He would roam the borders, alone and afraid, with his eyes kept on one cat in its ranks. He admired them, loved them, found pure perfection in their gracefulness as they wandered across the river unharmed. That cat, was Plumpaw.

Plumpaw was of a high nature, her father the Clan deputy and her status prestigious. She was warned to keep away from the border that day, to stay well within the Clans so they could keep an eye on her before they left. But she couldn't keep away, for the view grew more beautiful with every passing moment. The plank of wood drifted closer, the very plank of wood said to be unsinkable, that would perform her maiden voyage tomorrow. She was thrilled by it, but something else caught her eye.

Troustream stood lowly atop a rock, watching the ripples of the river pass him by. He knew he wouldn't get a chance to sail on that plank of wood, that he was too poor to even consider it. He gazed upwards existentially, looking into the sky, when he saw her. There before him stood Plumpaw in all her glory. They locked eyes for a moment, and all was pristine.

"Hi," she said.

"Sup fam," he replied, tipping his fedora.

"How's life?" she asked, trailing her paw across the water.

"I love you," he spoke quickly.

She nodded. "K."

"Can I come on that plank of wood tomorrow?" he asked, looking

towards it.

She shrugged. "K."

They left after such a wonderful exchange of words, the moon rising and signifying the end of the day. They went their separate ways, set to meet next sunhigh, with each other in their minds as they slept.

Morning came, and Plumpaw rose early to escape the protection of her father. She rushed down to the river, excited, and there was Troutstream waiting for her. He transformed into a fish and swam towards her, taking her by the paw and leading her to the plank. They stepped upon it, hiding at the back to avoid detection. They watched as SuperClan boarded, thrilled to be a part of this voyage.

"He can fly," said Plumpaw, looking towards Silversoar.

"Cool," replied Troutstream.

"I want to fly," she commented, and wandered towards the front of the boat.

Troustream lifted her up, and she smiled. "It appears I am flying, how convenient."

"Ikr," he replied, awesomed.

The plank of wood began to shudder, and in an instant it had crashed and was sinking. SuperClan screamed as the plank collapsed, many falling into the water and drowning horribly. Plumpaw jumped onto a single plank and stood there, waiting for Troutstream.

"Do you want to get on?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Sure, there's obviously enough room."

Both cats survived and went home the end-

"Cut!" screeched Oaktail.

"What?!" both cats moaned in unison, floating on the plank of wood.

"That's not how it ended! Troutstream's supposed to die!" he protested, reading the script.

"But there's clearly enough room!" Plumpaw commented.

Oaktail shrugged. "Yeah, you're right, let's go home."

The End

~The Titanic ~ by Troustream and Plumpaw, written by Hazel~

Chapter 24

A few moons later...

Streamflower writhed on the leaf-strewn ground, kicking and causing various herb stacks to fly everywhere. An unnamed, unimportant background kit that was naughtily poking around the Medicine Cat's Den (which had several warning signs weaved into the bramble walls, including *Caution: Do Not Enter*, *Think Safety First!* and *Head Protection Must Be Worn At All Times*) nibbled on a stray deathberry and immediately croaked.

A red-furred she-cat looked on with disappointment flickering in her lazy eyes. "Another dead body for the non-existent elders to bury."

"Aren't you the medicine cat? IT HURTS IT HURTS IT HURTS GIVE ME SOME HERBS OR TAKE THE PAIN AWAY WITH YOUR SPECIAL POWER." Streamflower continued to contort into various uncomfortable-looking positions on the ground.

"Nice," Herbfeather mewed lackadaisically. "Your special power should be supernatural flexibility. And, yeah, I can do that, but I am the laziest cat in the Clan. The first thing I'm going to get your kits to do when they get out of that dark place is to clean up my den."

Streamflower managed to fix the medicine cat with a considerably impressive death stare despite her agony. "Superstar... will hear about this," she grunted through gritted teeth.

Herbfeather ignored the rather disturbing comment (it almost seemed to parody Draco's famous words) and observed, "Hey, look, a head's popped out."

Generously sparing the munchkins hiding behind the decrepit

fourth wall any details, the first kit arrived, quickly followed by a second. Within a moment's time they had magically punched their way out of their sacs and opened their eyes to the big wide world. One was a plain brown kit with monstrous-looking large fangs and the other a pretty cliché silver she-cat with sky-blue eyes and no visible supernatural features.

"My kits!" Streamflower mewed joyfully.

Superstar stuck his head into the Medicine Cat's Den, wearing a safety helmet. "Are they all right? Sorry, dear, I was eating my mouse. You know how important food is."

Streamflower ducked her head in understanding and quickly turned to give the kits a good lick. "Let's call the brown one with big teeth Brownkit, and the silver one whose power seems to be 'look pretty and cliché', although we probably won't know until the apprentice ceremony, Silverkit."

"My, such original names!"

Herbfeather was surprised to find out later that their wonderful leader wasn't being sarcastic at all. To her chagrin, the old medicine cat was left with the task of looking after the two kits. Their parents both had an important celebratory dinner to attend. It's not as if the two kits needed milk or anything.

Grumbling a slur of gibberish as soon as they left, she directed her narrowed gaze towards the kits—only to find that Brownkit had vanished. Heart rate and blood pressure rising, the elderly she-cat swept the den with her eyes before asking Silverkit where her brother went.

"I dunno. Brownkit said he wanted to pee," Silverkit squeaked.

Herbfeather instantly believed her, as all kits needed to pee straight after being kitted and already had lots of liquids in their bladder, right?

"Stay right here, okay? Don't. Move. An. Inch. The alternative is move and be burnt by Emberstream to a crisp and strangled by

Aspenblade's vines and be dropped from thousands of metres in the sky by Silversoar, all at the same time, and I'd be perfectly happy to arrange that. Got it?"

Silverkit nodded quickly, terror alive in her pretty blue eyes. Her paws were shaking, but at least they hadn't moved anywhere.

"On second thoughts, clean up my den instead. Just arrange the random leaves I picked to neat stacks like I usually do and don't care about which type of leaf goes in each pile. No one usually suspects anything."

Herbfeather gave the beautiful kit one last stern look before heading towards the dirtplace. As she got nearer her ears picked up a little squeak. Poking her head in the tunnel, she was greeting by the scene of...

Brownkit, supposedly done with whatever he was doing.

Slightly surprised she hadn't seen something else more exciting as SuperClan always had dodgy things going on in it, from drug-addicted rogues to milk raining down from the sky, Herbfeather roughly jerked her head towards the exit and led the way out.

"Hello? I heard you talking before. My mother named me Brownkit, right?" the newborn kit asked with voice deeper than the average kit. Herbfeather shrugged—it was the monstrous fangs' doing, obviously. They were too large to contain in Brownkit's mouth and would remind the readers of the sabre-toothed tiger.

"Brownkit, that's right. Your sister is Silverkit. I can't wait till Streamflower gets back from the firefly-lit dinner," Herbfeather sighed.

"Streamflower? She's my mother, right?"

Herbfeather snapped replies to the endless waterfall of questions as Brownkit followed her back to the Medicine Cat's Den.

Written by Saph! 😎✧

Chapter 25

Brownkit sighed, his long fangs finally not stabbing into his gums.

He hated these teeth.

If only I could've disguised as another cat...

He sighed, reminding himself that this was the only cat available. Besides, no one would suspect a kit, anyway.

'Brownkit', who was, of course, not actually a kit at all, winced as his stupid fangs let his mouth dry out as usual. He turned to face his 'sister', who was grooming her fur, as usual. Unsurprisingly, Streamflower was doting over her and ignoring him, which suited him just fine. If she looked too close, she might notice that this wasn't her precious kit.

But instead, she praised Silverkit's beautiful clicheness and quite happily ignored her ugly offspring.

Or what she *thought* was her offspring.

Smirking, he remembered the real kit's expression as he'd ambushed him and taken possession of him to stop him from screaming. Now the creature was safely disposed of, handed off to the one EvilClan queen and her kits that had survived SuperClan's massacre. He had a feeling she wasn't going to be merciful.

Silverkit turned to face Brownkit, a sudden smile on her face (because obviously, cliche cats can grin). "Hey, do you want to play?"

Brownkit nodded, fairly certain that kits liked playing.

With another equally possible grin, Silverkit led her brother outside, where she immediately grabbed a mossball and started throwing it.

Brownkit lunged awkwardly at the mossball, catching it on his

fangs and shredding it. Silverkit walked over and began to sob unto it. Her tears magically healed the moss, returning it to her original state.

"STREAMFLOWER!" she yelled, sadness forgotten. "I'VE DISCOVERED MY SUPER POWER!"

"Good for you, dear! I'm so happy that my only kit has found her superpower!"

Brownkit awkwardly waved his tail, then sighed. *Whatever. As soon as I start my uprising, she'll be one of the first to die! But my first victim...*

He turned toward a sneezing Emberstream, a evil grin spreading across his two or three day old face.

The cat who died in chapter 9 shall die again! This time for good!

The impersonator let out an evil cackle, which no one seemed to notice. *For I am the plot hole fixer! I SHALL REIGN SUPREME!*

by Ember

Chapter 26

Brownkit and Silverkit were being made apprentices after being kits for that long. Their mother was super proud of Silverkit.

The leader stepped up and called for the kits.

"Silverkit and Brownkit has both reached six moons and are ready to be apprentices."

Silverkit smiled brightly and walked up. Light struck her eyes as if she was destined. Brownkit sat in sadness and waited impatiently for his name to be called.

"Silverkit, you are now Silverpaw, I will be your mentor." the leader, Superstar meowed.

Brownkit was amazed, his cliche sister was going to get the leader as her mentor. Silverpaw squealed, her eyes sparkled again and the leader and Silverpaw touched noses.

"Brownkit, I almost forgot you." Superstar chuckled.

Brownkit grumbled and stepped up.

"Brownkit, you are now Brownpaw, Solarlight will be your mentor." Superstar meowed.

The group went to explore the territory. Brownpaw felt anger surge through him. He wasn't going to be pushed back because of his sister's act.

They all went on a hunting patrol. The apprentices practice their hunter's crouch and tried to find prey. At the end of the day Silverpaw caught a lot of prey and Brownpaw was left with a prey of scraggy fresh-kill.

The leader praised Silverpaw and they had a feast.

Brownpaw got angry and jealous, he was going to fight back for what he thought was right.

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Another chapter done, sorry it's short. I don't have much ideas oops. ~Whisper
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Chapter 27

Silverpaw was padding alongside Superstar with about a bazillion pieces of freshkill in her jaws. Her mentor always praised her for being such a marvelous hunter. It was such a shame that her useless brother couldn't catch diddly squat. He was such an embarrassment.

The two cats padded into camp and dropped their prey into the pile. Cats immediately began surrounding them to dish out praises and compliments. Silverpaw ignored the admirers and spotted Brownkit sulking off to the side. Being the incredibly warm, kind-hearted, and perfect she-cat that she was, she trotted up to him gleefully.

"Hey, bro! How are you?"

Brownpaw flicked his ear in annoyance. "Another dreadful day of dreadful existence."

Silverpaw tilted her head and laughed. "Oh, don't be such a Negative Nelly. Today is a great day to be alive!"

"Go away, please." Brownpaw turned away from her and lay down.

"Aw... but why? The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, and Superstar's rainbow farts are just *shimmering* in the sk--"

"SHUT UP!" Brownpaw interrupted. He spun around and bared his abnormally long teeth.

Silverpaw was taken aback. "A-are you okay?"

"I'M SICK OF HIDING!" He screeched, drawing the attention of various Clanmates. "I CAN'T LIVE THIS LIFE ANYMORE!"

Silverpaw took a step back uneasily. "Brownpaw, if you have a problem, we can talk about it..."

"I DON'T WANT TO TALK! I WANT TO KILL! KILL YOU ALL!"

Emberstream padded over to the tom. "Wow! That's not good!" She shouted enthusiastically.

Brownpaw let out a screech of rage and lept on top of Emberstream. With one bite, he instantly ripped out her throat.

"Brownpaw!" Silverpaw yowled. "What in the name of StarClan are you doing?"

"I AM A SOLAR PANEL!" Solarwhat'shisface cut in.

"Another thing," Brownpaw seethed, "I'm not Brownpaw. I never was."

The Clan proceeded to gasp simultaneously as Featherfrost sat in the corner slamming her face against her keyboard because she couldn't think of an adequate ending.

Sorry that it's short, but there will be more updates flying your way very soon! ~ Feather

Chapter 28

"What do you mean you're not Brownpaw?!" Silverpaw asked in astonishment. All this time, her very own brother was an imposter! How could she not have noticed? It made no sense, for Silverpaw was the most beautiful, talented, and observant cat in the Clan.

Brownpaw--or more like the stranger--began to pace back and forth. "When that pathetic kit was born, I was swapped out and used my majestic superpowers of shapeshifting to fool you all! I am really..." he turned around and screwed his eyes shut only to face his "sister" again as a new cat, "METALCLAW!"

Silverpaw tilted her head in confusion. "Who?"

"YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?" Metalclaw screeched. "I WILL NOT BE DISRESPECTED!"

"Hey, I think I remember you," Superstar mentioned while strolling by. "Weren't you that EvilClan deputy before we wiped out your whole Clan?"

"The deputy, yes," Metalclaw replied. "At least I think so. Featherfrost doesn't really remember *what* role I played but is 82% sure I was the deputy."

The Fourth Wall let out a silent tear.

Silverpaw's fur stood up as she slowly backed away. "M-metalclaw... what do you want?"

"I WILL GET REVENGE," he yowled. "EVILCLAN WILL RECEIVE JUSTICE!"

"Oh, c'mon. We can talk about this--"

"NO!" Metalclaw dropped into a crouch.

Superstar finished his stroll around camp and looked toward the

hoard of cats surrounding the argument. It piqued his interest, so he decided to investigate. "What's going on?"

Metalclaw turned to him and hissed.

Superstar nodded slowly. "Oh, hey, Metalclaw. Wasn't I just talking to you?"

"YOU WILL ALL DIE!"

Superstar scoffed. "Puh-lease. You can't possibly expect to win a one-on-gazillion fight, can you?"

Metalclaw's lip slowly moved up into an ugly smile. "Then it's a good thing I brought back up."

And the climax approaches...

~ Feather

Chapter 29

Sure enough, with those words, countless evil-looking cats flooded the camp from StarClan-knows-where. They all were dark-colored with red eyes because clichés.

"Who are all these cats?" Superstar asked.

"Remember that one she-cat with kits that you let live in chapter... six? I think?" Metalclaw mewed.

"Oh yeah," Troutstream (i think that's her name lol) answered, "Letting her live was my idea."

"Well, she had those kits and lots of them. She also recruited many evil rogues to rebuild EvilClan and brought me back from the dead."

Superstar tilted his head. "You were dead?"

Metalclaw shrugged. "I don't know, probably." He shook his head and cleared his throat. "Anyways... EvilClan, ATTACK!"

In an instant, all the cats attacked. Blood and fur were flying everywhere, with no side having any clear advantage. Quickfoot and Fastpaw were darting around the camp, surprise attacking EvilClan cats while Hotpaw took on his angry dragon form and spewed fire at the intruders.

As great as that was, Metalclaw was sinking his claws into an unsuspecting Squirrelstripe, killing him instantly. Silverpaw gulped. This was not good. She was running around frantically, crying her magically healing tears onto every wounded SuperClan cat. She spotted Oaktail on the edge, talking to Frostwing while killing a few cats with an earthquake.

"Frostwing, go to EhClan or whatever it's called and get help!"

Frostwing paused for a second to listen far with his enhanced senses. He shook his head. "No can do. Right now Snowstar is

talking to her deputy about how stupid we are. I doubt they'll be much help."

"Wonderful," Oaktail muttered sarcastically.

The blood was piling so high that the camp became a crimson swimming pool. The battle moved outside the camp, but Troutstream and Plumpaw used the liquid to their advantage and drowned several cats in the sticky substance.

"Gross," Metalclaw snarled with a gag and turned to rip Milk to shreds.

He then came face-to-face with Hippie, who was definitely high on catmint. "Woahhh, dudee," the cat slurred. "Y'all just need to chilllll outttttt. Take it slowwwww."

Metalclaw rolled his eyes and slit Hippie's throat without a second thought.

Herbfeather surveyed the destruction from the safety of her den. She groaned, realizing what she had to do. Too bad it included effort.

"Time to take a quick trip to StarClan."

Only one chapter left and then the epilogue!

~ Feather

Chapter 30

Herbfeather ducked behind the branches that made up her den and backed away from the bloodshed. She lay down and closed her eyes. Using her mysterious medicine cat powers, she was instantly transported to StarClan.

When she opened her eyes, she was in a shimmering forest bathed in moonlight. The silver glow illuminated the trees and ferns while she searched for any signs of cats. After a few moments, she was approached by a newly fallen warrior: Squirrelstripe.

The brown tabby glared at her angrily. "Where were you," he began, "when Metalclaw killed me?"

Herbfeather shrugged. "Napping."

"Herbfeather?" A new, younger voice spoke up. The medicine cat turned to spot a smaller golden she-cat.

"Oh. Hey, Goldpaw. Where have you been?"

"I died," she responded, "and then I came back to life. And then I died again."

Herbfeather nodded slowly, "nice, nice."

"So, why are you here?" Squirrelstripe growled.

"Well, if you didn't notice, there's a major battle going on."

Squirrelstripe gave her a look that was a mix of are-you-kidding-me and i-am-plotting-your-demise. "No sh--"

"lAnGuAgE!1!1"

"--Sherlock."

Goldpaw tilted her head. "What's a Sherlock?"

"That's irrelevant," Herbfeather continued, "I came to resurrect every single dead SuperClan warrior in existence."

Squirrelstripe rolled his eyes. "You can do that?"

"Uh huh. Follow me." She turned and began walking through the forest.

They traveled for a while and collected many SuperClan cats, old and new. By the time they were through, they had to turn around again and gather Solarlight, Aspenblade, Troutstream, and Mintpaw who had all died at the paws of EvilClan within the previous few minutes.

"Everyone ready?" Herbfeather asked.

Many cats were confused and had no idea what they were doing, but nodded anyway. Hippie was completely clueless, but his wooziness was very fun. "Yeahhhhh, mann. Let's go to the moooon!"

Herbfeather blinked. "Uhh... okay. Let's go!"

Back in SuperClan, Superstar was flying above the camp, searching for straggling EvilClan cats to kill off from above. As his gaze swept past the medicine den, he was surprised to see hundreds of cats emerge. And not just any cats, but former SuperClan warriors!

"*I AM A SOLAR PANEL!*" Solarlight launched himself back into the battle with a caterwaul.

Goldpaw rushed up to her brother and helped him fight off a particularly large gray cat. "Hey, bro! How have you been?"

Other cats joined the fray, and it seemed like SuperClan had the advantage. However, when Superstar looked down, he caught sight of Silverpaw surrounded by a dozen EvilClan cats! He couldn't bear the thought of his ever-perfect apprentice being harmed. Without hesitation, he nosedived down and pounced on three of those cats at once.

Silverpaw sat to the side, sobbing uncontrollably as she watched her mentor face off against Metalclaw. The two cats wrestled for a

while before Superstar pinned his foe down. As he unsheathed his claws for the killing blow, Metalclaw abruptly unsheathed his own abnormally long claws and ripped open Superstar's stomach from below.

The leader flopped to the side, gurgling pitifully. Silverpaw was horrified. With an enraged leap, she jumped on Metalclaw and bit down on his throat. The EvilClan deputy died within a few heartbeats.

Instantly, the fighting stopped. SuperClan gathered around their majestic leader as they watched him die. He was losing all nine lives at once because Metalclaw was just *that* evil.

"Before I die," Superstar said with a cough, "please know one thing. I never liked Oaktail. I must've been high on catmint when I appointed him deputy. Don't let him become leader after me."

Silverpaw tried to use her healing tears, but they just weren't working fast enough. "Oh, Superstar! You will always be honored!"

Superstar smiled and proceeded to die with one last rainbow fart. It filled the camp with extravagant colors and instantly killed every single EvilClan cat. SuperClan had won!

Wow! We're done (almost)! All that's left is the epilogue. This sure was a fun story to write with all of its chaotic craziness. I hope you enjoyed! Who was your favorite character? I was always partial to Goldpaw from the beginning. Solarlight is a close second with Hotpaw and Hippie next in line. Until next time!

~ Feather

Epilogue

All the clans gathered around the deceased leader. They prayed to StarClan for him to have a safe passage to the afterlife.

Oaktail leaped onto a tree and started to call out to SuperClan.

"Our leader Superstar has passed away, his legacy will continue as this clan continues to grow. I, the deputy of SuperClan will now announce some of the brave apprentices today as full warriors of SuperClan. Hotpaw and Goldpaw, please step up." Oaktail boldly spoke in front of the whole clan, he motioned the ginger tom and the golden she-cat up to the standing rock.

Hotpaw and Goldpaw bravely stepped up as Oaktail continued the ceremony.

"I'm not the leader of the clan yet, but these apprentices have shown great potential as a full warriors. They fought well to keep the evil baddies away from our beloved sacred clan."

Hotpaw stood up and listened to all of the praise that his mentor has given him. Goldpaw stood next to her brother listening to every word.

"Hotpaw, from this moment you will be known as Hotspot, thank you for your fighting skills and your participation in this clan. Goldpaw, from this moment you will be known as Goldstorm. We are so glad to have you as one of our own. We all welcome you as a full warriors of SuperClan."

"Hotspot! Goldstorm! Hotspot! Goldstorm! Hotspot! Goldstorm!" the clan cheered they started to disperse.

"WAIT! We have many more apprentices to become warriors today. Fastpaw, Mintpaw, and Plumpaw, please step up." The three littermates stepped up.

Some of the cats rolled their eyes as their deputy continued to ramble about apprentices.

"Fastpaw, your mentor, Quickfoot has always been a great friend of mine and he told me that you trained well and helped out with rounding up the EvilClan cats. Mintpaw, your mentor, said many great things about your camouflage fighting tactics. These really helped out with surprise attacks against the enemy. And Plumpaw, you need to stop acting like Jesus. So you can splash some water, when you start walking on it, then we can talk.

The three apprentices sat and raised their heads as they collected the compliments.

"Fastpaw, you'll now be known as Fastpelt because the cats can only see your pelt as you run. Mintpaw, you'll be known as Mintleaf, your camouflage skills really helped out the clan in battles. Plumpaw, you'll be known as Plumsplash, your water tactics will be useful in case of fires." Oaktail spoke boldly, "Tomorrow, I will make my way to get my nine lives and be known as Oakstar. Okay, meeting over, do your duties peasants."

Oaktail leaped down from the tree and made his way into the leader's den. The cats of SuperClan whispered to one another. Did every cat forget that Superstar demoted Oaktail?

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The next day arrived and as Oaktail ate some traveling herbs after almost finishing and moving on, an orange cat was spotted on the leader's tree.

"Citizens of SuperClan, do you really want Oaktail to be the next leader, I'm sure Superstar wouldn't appreciate it."

As cats gathered up arguments started to form. Oaktail turned around and walked up the tree, mouthing some curses to himself.

"Superstar told me everything, Oaktail isn't fit to be the leader, he doesn't treat the members of SuperClan nicely, and doesn't care at all."

Oaktail retorted, "And you think you can do any better?"

The flame-colored cat came out of the shadows, "If it should be anyone, it would be me, your former apprentice."

Gasps arose from the crowd of cats then all was silent. Several moments later the deputy decided to speak.

"What are you going to do about it, run a campaign just so *you* can be leader?"

"Why not." Silverpaw responded, "Superstar didn't choose you in the end."

"This is absurd!" Oaktail grumbled.

Hotspot giggled, "Will you be running for leader as well?"

"You bet I will." Oaktail snarled at his former apprentice, he whipped around and took off into the forest.

More and more cats began to like this idea and some even offered to try and go against Hotspot and Oaktail. Eventually, at the end of the moon, it came to the speeches. The candidates include Hotspot, Oaktail, Quickfoot, and Mintleaf.

Mintleaf walked up to the podium and cleared his throat. "Hello-"

The entire crowd immediately started yelling in objection at the candidate. A few words were picked out among the chaos.

"Ew, too young!" screamed an unknown she-cat.

a snarling tom spoke up, lashing his tail "Just now a warrior!"

"Hasn't even trained an apprentice!" chimed in Oaktail, a smirk lighting his face as he imagined himself beating all these 'losers' as he called them in his head.

Mintleaf froze before breaking down sobbing and running to his sister towards the back of the camp. Plumsplash looked at him with

sympathy, "Jesus will save you," she said, splashing water from a nearby puddle onto her brother. He shook his head in disbelief.

Next was Quickfoot. He sped onto the tree and continued to give his speech- which was too fast for anyone to hear what he was saying... The cats shared awkward, fake, smiles as they looked at him unsure what to say. Quickfoot bowed and then was gone, speeding off into the distance.

"Okay then..." Muttered a confused Silverpaw who looked down at her paws.

All the cats suddenly froze as Oaktail took his place on the tree, studying everyone for a moment before opening his mouth to speak. "I, Oaktail, should be the next leader, because I am experienced. I am a powerful warrior with moons under my paws. I control the earth and accidentally cause frequent earthquakes. I was deputy for seasons before Superstar's unfortunate ending, and I would like to continue on in his pawsteps. Thank you." He ended with a polite bow.

The crowd was silent, not knowing how to react. Suddenly a small squeal was heard, "WOOOO YEAH! *whistles* GO OAKTAIL WOOOOOOO!" screamed Troutstream, who was probably his only supporter.

Oaktail gave a huge 'I'm the best' smile and trotted off back beside the other candidates with pride in his gaze.

Last but not least, the crowd held their breathes as Hotspot stepped into the light, beginning his speech. "I...I feel like I have a connection to this clan." He said, a single tear falling.

The cats were silent.

The suddenly the crowd bursts into cheer! Cats calling their support and chanting Hotspot's name.

Mintleaf cried out, "WAIT, WHAT? HE'S A NEW WARRIOR TOO! AND HE NEVER TRAINED AN APPRENTICE! TH-THIS ISN'T FAIR!" Plumsplash continued to shower him with water. "May the power of

christ compel you!" she chanted casually.

Hotspot dove into the crowd and all the cats lifted him with their totally able paws sweeping him over the cats in a wave. "Yay!" Hotspot cheered.

Oaktail growled. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS MONSTROSITY?" He howled. With great force he slammed his paws on the ground, causing a giant earthquake that made the Clan shook.

"You will pay for this!" The former Deputy screamed, charging out of camp. Troutstream huffed and followed him, her slimy half-fish tail whipping behind her. "This Clan is unbelievable!" she muttered.

Hotspot smiled, calling after them, "And good riddance!"

The cats cheered, "Hotspot! Hotspot! Hotspot!"

Silverpaw ran up to the tom, "Hotspot, sir, may I ask, who will be your deputy?"

The new leader shrugged, "Dunno, maybe if the author could remember which cats were still alive it would be easier."

The fourth wall sobbed in the background.

Silverpaw laughed. "What do you mean? This is SuperClan! All the cats are simultaneously dead and alive at the same time!"

"True..." said Hotspot, doing the thinking emoji. "Oh! and also, your new mentor is me, ain't that a surprise?"

Silverpaw grinned and padded away to go brag to some other Clan cat.

Hotspot cleared his throat, stepping onto the amazing leader tree thing. "Hello, SuperClan. I would like to officially introduce myself as your new leader, soon to be Hotstar!"

The cats cheered below, and a party erupted. A dance floor and a disco ball magically appeared and all the cats started singing 'We

are family' while linking arms and doing a kick-line.

Hotspot looked over his new Clan with pride, a huge smile covering his face.

Herbfeather stumbled out of her den, presumably sleeping moments before, and cast her gaze onto the young cat. "It is time to go receive your nine lives."

Hotspot nodded, "Let's go then." His ear flicked as he led the way out of camp, the singing slowly fading out into the background.

Herbfeather, who looked to not be high on catmint for the first time ever, smiled at the tom. "You will be a great leader, *Hotstar*."

Hotstar reached the top of a hill which cut off steeply into a deep field where he was to travel. He closed his eyes for a moment, breathing. "SuperClan has reached the end of an era," he smiled, gazing over the territory once more.

And then Moon decided to end it bc they ran out of ideas

A single tear escaped the ruins of the fourth wall

And well, that's the end! What did you guys think? I hope you enjoyed this stupid chapter :p the beginning was written by Whisper, while I, Moon, finished it.

This book was admittedly hard to write due to our lack of planned plot but I will say that it was a joy :)

But just like SuperClan we must now move on, to new adventures, new books.

Stay tuned, as brand new stories will be out soon :p

Have a great day/night, and farewell! -Moon